THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

[*Concluded.*]

If the orator failed in resolution in this conjuncture, he demonstrated much of it against Antony, who was no less the enemy of the republic than of hir[illegible] ble interest dictated to him the famous harangues, published under the title of Philippics. He called them thus, because they have for their object to animate the Romans against Antony, as Demosthenes animated the Athenians against Philip. They are in number fourteen, and all of great beauty. But the second, above all, was famous among the Romans; it appeared, to them, to be a divine work, and thus Juvenal calls it. It was not, however, pronounced, but it was circulated in Rome and in Italy, and read with avidity. Antony never pardoned the author of it, and it was the principal cause of his death. Antony, nevertheless, had been the aggressor; he had provoked these terrible reprisals, by coming into the Senate to declaim with violence against Cicero in his absence. The orator was not in the habit of bearing this kind of injury; he was too confident in his own arms. It is not that this kind of eloquence is the most difficult, by any means; reprobation and reproach are naturally vehement, and satirical paintings irritate malignity. But this kind acquires importance and gravity, when it is employed concerning public interests. Hostility against the wicked is then the mission of the honest man, and it becomes the patriot-orator to speak to the enemies of his country in a manner to intimidate them, and to paint them in colours which may make them blush for themselves. This is what Cicero accomplishes in this immortal philippic, where he traces the anecdotes of the life of Antony from his earliest years. These sorts of moral executions are public vengeance, which talents alone can exercise, when they are united with courage. We cannot reproach to Cicero that he failed, at this crisis, truly dangerous, because Antony, at that time, was all-powerful. 'In my youth I defended the republic; in my old age I will not abandon it. I have braved the daggers of Cataline; I will not tremble at yours.'—It is thus that he expresses himself at the end of his discourse; and it was not a vain boast; it was a just sentiment. It appears, that, from this moment, Cicero devoted himself to death. During the whole war of Modena, he was the soul of the republic; and governed entirely the senate, all whose decrees were drawn up by his advice. It is well known that this war was terminated by the reconciliation of Antony and Octavius, and that one of the first conditions of it was the death of Cicero, which was as glorious as his life.

The other Philippics are of the kind which we call deliberative, and the most of them are but e[illegible] opinions which Cicero supported in the senate, when they deliberated upon the conduct which they ought to hold towards Antony, who then besieged Decimus Brutus in Modena. To judge maturely of the merit of these political discussions, we ought to possess a knowledge the most exact and the most particular of the history of that time; and any extract, that we might make, would require commentaries too frequent, not to enfeeble the oratorical effect, which cannot be keenly felt when the subject wants explanation. Besides, we must confine ourselves to some limits; and I will finish this analysis by certain passages taken from the discourse addressed, before the senate, to Caesar, the Dictator, at the moment when he had recalled Marcellus, who had been one of his most violent enemies. One part of this discourse is only an eulogium on the clemency of Caesar. It is done with interest and dignity, without exaggeration, and without flattery; and that which the orator says in finishing is the best answer that can be made to those, who have reproached to him too much complaisance for Caesar.

'It has been with regret, Caesar, that I have frequently heard from your mouth that saying, which, in itself, is full of wisdom and grandeur, 'I have lived enough to Nature and to Glory.'—Enough for nature, if you please; enough even for glory, I agree; but not enough for your country, which is above all. Leave, then, this language to philosophers, who have placed their glory in the contempt of death: this wisdom ought not to be yours; it would cost too dear to the republic. No doubt you would have lived long enough, if you had been born for yourself alone; but at this day, when the safety of all the citizens, and the fortune of the republic, depend upon the conduct which you may pursue, you are very far from having completed the grand edifice, which must be your work: you have not even laid the foundations. Is it then consistent with yourself to measure the duration of your days by the low price which your greatness of soul may put upon them; and not by the public interest? And, perhaps, I might say it is not enough even for the glory, which, by your own acknowledgment, you prefer to all things, in spite of all your principles of philosophy? What, then! will you say to me, shall I leave so little of it after me? A great deal, Caesar, and even enough for any other; too little for you alone; for in your eyes nothing ought to be great enough, if any thing remains still greater. It concerns you to consider if all your great actions are to terminate, leaving the republic in the state in which it is, whether you have not rather excited admiration than merited true glory, if it is true that this consists in leaving after one the memory of the good he has done to his friends, his country, and the human race. This remains for you to do: this is the great effort which ought to employ you. Give a stable and permanent form to the republic, and live yourself to enjoy the peace and tranquillity, which you shall have procured for the state. Call not your life that whose bounds are marked by the human condition, but that which shall extend through all ages, and will belong to posterity. It is for this immortal life that you ought to concert every thing. Posterity is already sure of that in your conduct, which is to be admired; but she expects that which must be approved and esteemed. They will hear, they will read, with astonishment, of your triumphs upon the Rhine, upon the Nile, and upon the ocean. But if the republic is not established upon a solid basis by your care and wisdom, your name, indeed, will spread far and wide, but will not give you, in futurity, a sure and incontestible pre-eminence. You will be among our grandsons, as you have been among us, a subject of division and discord; some will extol you to the skies, others will say that you have failed in that which is most glorious, in curing the ills of the state; they will say that your great exploits may belong to fortune, and that you have not done that which could have been accomplished by you alone. Present, then, before your eyes those severe judges, who will one day pronounce sentence on you, and whose judgment, if I dared to say it, will have more weight than ours, because they will be without interest, without hatred, and without envy.'

Now, I demand of all those who have alleged against Cicero as a crime the praises which he has given to Caesar, is this the language of an adulator, of a slave? Is it not that of a man equally sensible to the virtues of Caesar, and to the interests of his country, who renders justice to one, but who loves the other; who, in praising the usurper for the use which he makes of his power, admonishes him that his first duty is to submit it to the laws? Ought he to have been insensible to that clemency, which touches us at this day? I know that a rigid republican, a Brutus, a Cato, will answer, that we ought to applaud nothing in a tyrant, that even his clemency is an outrage, that the first of his crimes is to have the power of pardoning. I can conceive of this ferocity in men born free, in whom the love of liberty, imbibed with their mother's milk, stifles all other sentiments. But this highest excess of republican inflexibility, is it an indispensable duty? Does it not belong to the character, rather than to morals? Cannot we introduce some restriction, some moderation, without becoming vile or culpable? Cannot we love liberty and our country without entirely excluding our souls to the impulsions of sensibility and gratitude? All these senators, who, soon afterwards, assassinated Caesar, threw themselves, at this time, at his feet to obtain the pardon of Marcellus. If it was culpable, in their eyes, to be able to grant it, why did they request it of him?

We ought to be consistent; if every thing we receive from a tyrant dishonours us, it is abject to request any thing of him. But it is very difficult to be consistent with ourselves in principles which are outrageous and extravagant. Cicero, whom they accuse of inconsistency, appears to me not to have merited, like them, this reproach. When he was heard, in the sequel, to applaud the assassins of Caesar, as the avengers of Rome and of liberty, was it then, as they say, to contradict himself? He might answer: I applauded in a great man what was praiseworthy; I censured his tyranny publicly, and exhorted him to renounce it. I wished him to reform, if he had lived: they immolated him to the liberty of Rome: I am a Roman; I thank our avengers. But when Caesar restored to me my

friend, I was a man, and thanked him who did the good, when he had the power to do evil.

We see, with pleasure, in history, the multiplied testimonials of that reciprocal attraction, which Caesar and Cicero had always for each other. These two great souls must necessarily know and understand each other, although Caesar could not love in Cicero the defender of the laws and the republic, and Cicero could not love in Caesar their enemy and oppressor. They resembled each other in character, though they were opposite in principles. They had the same love of glory, the same taste for letters, and the same fund of benevolence and goodness. There is, no doubt, another sort of merit, another kind of grandeur; I pretend not to lessen Cato or Brutus: I revere them: but if they have sometimes had occasion for excuses in their rigid virtues, why should we not afford some indulgence to Cicero in his milder virtues, and even to Caesar in his heroic and splendid faults? Nothing is perfect in humanity; every thing has been given to man with measure: let us regard it in our judgments. Exalt not one virtue to abase another: all are, more or less, precious; all of them honour human nature; and it is to honour ourselves, to render all of them the respect which is their due.

The apology of Cicero has drawn me away: I return to his talents. What you have heard of him, makes him better known, and praises him more, than all I could say of him: and, moreover, Livy has said, that to praise Cicero, another Cicero must come; until he shall arrive, let us listen to Quintilian, who, in a recapitulation concerning the Latin orators, expresses himself thus:—'It is above all in Eloquence that Rome may boast of having equalled Greece. In fact, to every thing that the latter possesses the most great and excellent, I oppose boldly Cicero. I am not ignorant of the combat I shall have to sustain against the partisans of Demosthenes; but my design is not to undertake a parallel in this place, which would be useless to my subject, because I myself cite Demosthenes, everywhere, as one of the first authors to be read, or rather to be committed to memory. I shall only observe, that the greatest part of the qualities of an orator are found, in the same degree, in both, wisdom, method, order of division, the art of preparations, the disposition of evidence, in short every thing that can relate to what is called invention. In elocution there is a difference: the one pushes his adversary more closely, the other takes a wider field for the combat. The one serves himself always with the point of his sword, the other often makes the weight of it also to be felt. Nothing can be taken away from the one, nothing can be added to the other. There is more of labour in Demosthenes, more of nature in Cicero. The latter transcends evidently in pleasantry and in the pathetic, two powerful springs in the art of oratory. Perhaps it will be said, that the manners and the laws of Athens allowed not to the Greek orator the beautiful perorations of ours; but, on the other hand, the Attic language gave him advantages and beauties which ours has not. We have letters of both: there is no comparison between them. On the other side Demosthenes has a great advantage: it is, that he was the first, and that he contributed, in a great degree, to make Cicero what he was. He devoted himself to the imitation of the Greeks, and has represented to us, as it appears to me, in himself alone, the energy of Demosthenes, the abundance of Plato, and the sweetness of Isocrates. But it was not the study which he made of them, which gave him that which he has analogous to each of them. He drew it from himself, and from that happy genius born to unite all qualities. One would think that he was formed by a particular destination of Providence, intended to demonstrate to mankind to what an height of excellence eloquence might be carried. In truth, who knows better how to develope truth? Who knows how to move more powerfully the passions? What writer ever possessed such a charm? That which he seizes by force, he seems to obtain with your full consent; and when he drags you on with violence, you think you follow him voluntarily. There is, in all he says, such an authority of reason, that we are ashamed not to be of his opinion. It is not an advocate who transports himself; it is a witness who deposes, a judge who pronounces; and nevertheless all these different merits, each one of which would cost a great labour to any man but him, seems to cost him nothing; and in the perfection of his style, he preserves all the grace of the happiest facility. It was then, by strict justice, that, among his contemporaries, he passed for the Prince of the Bar, and that in posterity his name has become that of Eloquence. Let us have him, then, always before our eyes, as the model we ought to propose to ourselves; and that man may be sure that he has made a great progress, who loves Cicero in a great degree.'

I have quoted this excellent morsel with the more pleasure as it seems to express very faithfully that which the reading of Cicero has made us all experience. It appears that it was in the time of Quintilian, as in our own, when we say a Cicero, for a man of eloquence, as we say also a Caesar to give an idea of the greatest bravery. These kinds of denominations, become popular after so many ages, belong only to a pre-eminence very generally acknowledged and felt. Fenelon, nevertheless, gives the advantage to Demosthenes over Cicero, and he is not, as we see, the only one of that opinion, since, at the time when Quintilian wrote, many people entertained the same. This is the passage of Fenelon, which deserves to be quoted, 'I am not afraid to say that Demosthenes appears to me superior to Cicero. I protest that no man admires Cicero more than I do. He embellishes every thing he handles; he does honour to speech: he performs that with words which none other can accomplish: he has I know not how many sorts of wit. He is even short and vehement whenever he has a mind to be so, against Cataline, against Verres, against Antony; but we remark certain affectations of embellishment in his discourse. His art of concealing it is marvellous; but we do discern it. The orator, in thinking of the salvation of his country, forgets not himself, and suffers not others to forget him. Demosthenes appears to go out of himself, and to see nothing but his country: he searches not for ornaments; he produces them without thinking of them; he is above admiration. He makes use of language as a modest man of his cloak to cover him. He thunders, he lightens. It is a torrent that bears down every thing. We cannot criticise it, because we are smitten. We think of the things he says, not of his words. We lose him out of sight. We are occupied only with Philip, who invades all. I am charmed with both these orators; but I avow that I am less touched with the infinite art and the magnificent eloquence of Cicero, than with the rapid simplicity of Demosthenes.'

Demosthenes and Cicero are two great orators; Quintilian and Fenelon two great authorities; who will dare to judge between them? Certainly not I. Indeed, I believe it would be difficult to reduce to a demonstration the preference which ought to be given to the orator of Rome, or to that of Athens. It is here that the rational judgment has no certain criterion, and we must have recourse to taste and feeling, when talents are, in such a high degree, on one side and the other, we can no longer decide, we can only choose. Every one may follow his own inclination, provided he gives it not as a rule; and far from indulging, as is but too common, the smallest ill humour in these kinds of discussions, we ought only to rejoice that there are in all the arts men so superior, that we cannot agree which is the first. And of what importance is it which has the pre-eminence, provided it is still unavoidable to admire the second? I admire them both, but I request that I may be permitted, without offence to any one, to love Cicero the best. He appears to me to be the man the most naturally eloquent, that ever existed; and I consider him here only as an orator; I lay aside his philosophical writings and his letters; I shall speak of these elsewhere; but had he left nothing but his harangues, I should prefer him to Demosthenes. Not that I consider any thing superior to the argument for the Crown; but his other works appear not, to me, of the same perfection; they have, moreover, a sort of uniformity of tone, which arises, perhaps, from that of his subject; for the question is almost always of Philip. Cicero knows how to assume all the tones; and I cannot, without ingratitude, refuse my suffrage to him who gives me all the pleasures. Nor is it because he appears to me without fault: he abuses sometimes the facility he has of being abundant. He is not without repetitions.

But it is not like Seneca, in whom each repetition of ideas, is a new attempt at wit. We may say of Cicero that he overflows sometimes, because he is too full. His repetitions are not fatiguing, because they cost him no effort. He is always so natural, and so elegant, that we know not what to obliterate: we only perceive that there is too much. It has been remarked, also, that he is in love with certain forms of construction, or of harmony, which recur very often; that, excelling in pleasantry, he pushes it sometimes to a play upon words: we abuse always, in some degree or other, every thing which we possess in abundance. These light imperfections disappear in the multiude of beauties; and, taking all together, Cicero appears, in my eyes, the most glorious genius that ancient Rome could boast.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Mr. M. Campbell of New-York, having undertaken to superintend an American edition of the *Dauphin* Cicero, edited by the Jesuit, Merouille, has published, in the prospectus form, the tile page and address to the reader, as specimens of the mechanical execution of the book. Amid these grave pages we have been much amused by a dedication to Dr. Samuel Mitchill, in the Latinity of Mr. Malcom Campbell, or as he more sonorously stiles himself, *Milcolumbus Campbellus*. This same dedication is not inferior to any of Dryden's, in the wildest prodigality of panegyric; but when we reflected that flattery and flummery were of the very essence of a dedication, and that a dedicator, like a brick-layer, when he begins his work, is forced to *lay it on with a trowel*, we were fully inclined to permit our honest *plasterer*, without interruption, to proceed in his task, whether he chose to give us an image of his patron, in Roman clay, or *plaster of Paris*; or in any form, still more fragile and republican. This our lenient intention was, however, soon abandoned, when we were informed that the dedication alluded to has been *liberally distributed by the doctor himself*. This is certainly a modest mode of informing us, that, *in the estimation of his countrymen, he ranks highest in the liberal sciences, and polite literature;* and that, to add to our wonder, he actually reads in the original, the golden treatise of Cicero upon friendship! Since this *process* of self praise is found not inconsistent with the doctor's *chemistry*, we surely may be allowed the use of the *retort*. Anxious that it may be known *per totum terrarum orbem*, that there is one *republican* scholar in the United States, *who has a smattering of Tully*, we subjoin the document, which declares it, and, to give the mere *English* reader an idea of the doctor's merit and modesty—a faithful version accompanies the stupendous original.]

VIRO HONESTISSIMO

SAMUELI L. MITCHILL, M. D.

Soc. Reg. Edin. et Phil. Am. Sod. Conciliiq. Publici Cu. Fad. Am. Pro Novo Eboraco Consorti, S. P. D.

MILCOLUMBUS CAMPBELLUS.

In hisce civitatibus nostris, omnium fortasse, quæ vel olim extiterint, vel jam existant, optime constitutis, liberrimis, et felicissimis, patriæ reique publicæ amantibus pergratum esse oportet, omnes fere artes, tam ingenuas, quam operarias, studio, solertia, et celebritate coli indies auges-

centibus. Scientiarum autem liberalium, et literarum humaniorum studiosis summae est causa gratulationis, quod inter caeteras maxime enitet Typographia; Typographia! qua non alia pulchrior aut efficacior unquam ab hominibus inventa est, ad artium et scientiarum liberalium lumina alma salutariaque longe lateque diffundenda: ab hominibus autem inventa? imo vero divinitus excogitata, ut ejus auxilio heu! nimis tardo, sors humana, diu tristis et oppressa, tandem aliquando a barbariae et ignorantiae dominatione atroci in humanitatis et scientiae libertatem pene divinam vindicaretur. Haec ars apud nostrates jam eo perfectionis perducta est, ut nihil bibliopolae non proponant, nihil Typographia non exequantur, quod vel ad utilitatem vel ad ornamentum pertineat. Sed ejus opificia, utcunque sint nitida et elegantia, non satis est otiose contemplari neque tacite admirari. Ut *solertiae operariae* literarum *ἀκριβείᾳ* accedat, rei literariae dediti vel ipsi nonnunquam manum adjutricem adhibeant oportet, vel aliis adhibentibus patrocinentur. Haec cum nobiscum reputaremus, typographiae correctionem nobis propositam, sed ejus praecipue quae in operibus Graecis et Latinis imprimendis versaretur, suscipere statuimus, quantum res posceret, aut nobis vacaret; non quod nosmetipsos prae caeteris idoneos putabamus, sed quod verebamur, ne nobis detrectantibus alii minus idonei sufficerentur; non quod laudis aliquantulum exinde praeripere cupiebamus, sed quod exemplo nostro alios quosdam eruditiores ad similia incepta excitare volebamus. Ut opellis nostris prodeuntibus ea fides haberetur, quae ad earum acceptionem et utilitatem communem desideraretur, cum ipsi obscuri essemus, et in re literaria parum cogniti, eorum patrocinium quaerere instituimus, qui scientiis liberalibus et literis humanioribus apud nos maxime florere existimarentur. Ab hoc autem consilio, et ab hujusmodi epistolarum scriptione absit turpis adulationis suspicio, quasi *δια κολακείας* commodis privatis consuleremus, cum revera rebus literariis et typographicis duntaxat servire vellemus.

Cum de patronis quaerendis cogitaremus, gaudebamus minime ob id nobis peregrinandum esse; quandoquidem in hac civitate, intra ipsum hujus urbis pomoerium, homines reperiri poterant amplissimi, ornatissimi, et spectatissimi, qui eam personam optime dignissimeque sustinerent; inter eosque nonnulli viri egregii, qui, cum ingenii et doctrinae gloria caeteros superemineren, cum, viis tritis relictis, locisque Philosophiae penitioribus tentatis, scientiarum fines vel certius explorare, vel praeclare conarentur prolatare, labores tamen nostros, utcunque humiles, modo utiles, benignissime aspicere dignarentur. Cum e talibus eligere integrum esset, supervacaneum esse videatur, et adulatoris magis quam laudatoris, hic clarius apertiusque ostendere, qualem jam consultissime praetulerimus. Adulationis autem speciem fastidiosius fugere videamur, nisi tuam erga nos singularem facilitatem, humanitatem et indulgentiam hic animo gratissimo agnoscamus. Cum de hoc negotio acturi nuper te domi tuae conveniremus, ita te occupatum reperimus, ut de optatis nostris felicissime augurari liceret. Tibi enim supervenimus, cum in bibliotheca tua ornatissima et copiosissima ad Ciceronis sermonem de Amicitia studiose incumberes, et divini auctoris admiratione abreptus exclamares, ea lectione nihil tibi jucundius, nihil antiquius esse. Neque hoc adeo mirum, nisi caetera tua studia tam varia, tam multiplicia, tam recondita et abstrusa essent; praesertim cum Brunonis disciplinae, viri et Latinitate et Medicina praestantissimi, alumnus fuisses delectissimus et probatissimus. Perge, Patrone ingeniose, perge exemplo tuo insigni et luculento juventutem Americanam ad studia jam nimis, ut videtur, obsolescentia hortari, donec Ciceronis opera tandem eadem aviditate et celebritate domi perlegentur, quam foris tua. In hoc certe tui simillimus erat ille vir clarissimus, quod, cum reipublicae adesset, rei literariae nequaquam deerat; sed in hoc dissimillimus, quod, cum ille temporibus reipublicae usus esset admodum procellosis et naufragis, tu contra, quo majore gloriae studio accendereris, talibus uti perrexisti, qualibus nunquam extiterint sereniora neque auspicatiora. Deo favente perpetua sint. In eodem colloquio amicissime et familiarissime pro more tuo nos admonuisti, ut in hac epistola scribenda caveremus, ne nimis dilatando, aut inflatius laudando, sicut in ejusmodi rebus assolet, irrisorum et obtrectatorum dicteria convicia que invidiosa provocaremus. In id consilium speramus nos non multum adhuc peccavisse. Nunc vero demum ut ab eo quam minime recedamus eo libentius adducimur, quod ineptiis nostris neque patientia tua jam satis fortasse fatigata abuti, neque animum rebus gravissimis tam publicis quam privatis occupatum amplius distinere volumus. Ad clausulum igitur veniamus Deum Opt. Max. precando, ut amicis, ut familiae, ut patriae et reipublicae diutissime conserveris et Valeas.

Novi Eboraci
VI. Non. Oct. MDCCCIV.

TRANSLATION.

To the most honourable Samuel L. Mitchill, M. D. member of the Royal Edinburgh and the American Philosophical Societies, and Member for New-York of the public council of the United States of America, S. P. D.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL.

In these our states, the best constituted, most free, and happy, perhaps of all, which may have heretofore existed, or may now exist, it must be very grateful to the lovers of their country and the commonwealth, that almost all the arts, as well polite, as mechanic, are cultivated with a daily increasing industry, skill, and success. But the greatest cause of congratulation to the lovers of the liberal sciences, and more refined literature, is, that among others typography is most distinguished; typography! than which none more beautiful, or more effectual to diffuse far and wide the pleasant and salutary light of the liberal arts and sciences, was ever invented by man: invented by man, did I say? nay, rather divinely discovered, that by its aid, too late, alas! the human condition, long sorrowful and oppressed, might possibly at length be recovered from the atrocious dominion of barbarism and ignorance, to the almost divine liberty of humanity and science. This art is already brought to that perfection with us, that there is nothing appertaining to use or ornament, which booksellers do not propose, and which printers do not perform. But it is not enough idly to contemplate, or silently to admire, its productions, however splendid and elegant they may be. That the *impulsive aid* of learning may be added to mechanic dexterity, it becomes those, who are conversant with letters, either to lend sometimes a helping hand themselves, or to patronize those who do. In revolving these things with myself, I have determined to undertake the correction of the press proposed to me, but especially of that part, which respects the printing of the Greek and Latin works, so far as the work shall require, or leisure will permit me; not because I think myself more capable of it than others, but because I fear, lest if I shall neglect it, others less qualified might be substituted; not because I was desirous of obtaining from it some little applause, but because I would excite by my example others more learned to similar undertakings. That this little work of mine when published might obtain that credit, which might be necessary to its general acceptance and utility, seeing I am obscure and little known in the literary world, I proposed to seek for it those patrons, who should be thought most distinguished among us in the liberal sciences and more polite literature. But from this design and from the writing of this kind of epistles, let all suspicion of base adulation be banished; as if *by flattery* I might appear to be seeking my own private emolument, when truly indeed I would serve only the interest of literature and typography.

When I was engaged in seeking patrons, I rejoiced, that it was necessary for me to go but very little ways for it, since in this state, within the very limits of this city, men may be found the most qualified, adorned, and respectable, who may most properly and worthily sustain that character; and among them some excellent men, who, while they were supereminent over others in the glory of genius and learning, while, leaving trite paths, and trying the more hidden recesses of philosophy, they endeavoured to explore more accurately, and display more clearly, the utmost limits of the sciences, would nevertheless deign to look most kindly on my labours however humble, being useful. Since I was at liberty to select from such characters, it may seem superfluous, and to savor more of adulation than praise, to shew more clearly and obviously what kind of a person I have at length after the fullest consultation preferred. But I might seem to avoid the appearance of adulation too fastidiously, were I not here with the most grateful heart to acknowledge your singular readiness, kindness, and indulgence towards me. When I lately called on you at your house with reference to this work, I found you so employed, as augured most favourably to my wishes. For I came upon you when you was in your most elegant and extensive library, studiously engaged with the treatise of Cicero on friendship, and, rapt in admiration of the divine author, you exclaimed, that nothing was more pleasant, nothing more familiar to you, than such reading. Nor is this so wonderful, had not your other studies been so various, so numerous, so recondite, and so abstruse; especially seeing you have been the most favoured and approved disciple of the system of Browne, a man the most renowned in Latinity and medicine. Go on ingenious patron! go on, by your distinguished and brilliant example, to excite the American youth to a study already becoming, as it seems, too obsolete, until the works of Cicero shall at length be read with the same avidity and admiration at home, as yours are abroad. That most illustrious man was certainly very much like you in this, that while he was engaged in public life, he was by no means inattentive to literature; but very unlike you in this, that as he was engaged in public life in times very rough and tempestuous, you on the contrary, whereby your love of glory might be more inkindled, are brought forward at a season, than which none has been more serene and auspicious. God grant it may be perpetual. In that same conversation you admonished me in the most friendly and familiar manner, as your custom is, that in writing this dedication, I should not, by dilating too much, or praising too turgidly, as is customary on such occasions, provoke the raillery and invidious scoffs of the laughers and cavillers. Against that advice I hope I have not as yet MUCH offended. But now finally, as I would deviate as little as possible from that caution, I would more willingly still avoid wearying with my weaknesses your patience, already perhaps too much fatigued; neither would I longer detain a mind occupied by the most weighty concerns as well public as private. I therefore

come to a close, praying the almighty and most merciful God, that you may long be preserved and rendered useful to your friends, to your family, to your country and the commonwealth.

New-York, October 2, 1804.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

At a Committee of the Society for the Abolition of the Slave trade, held at the New London Tavern, in Cheapside, on the 2d *August*, 1804:

Resolved, That the following Circular Address to the Friends of the abolition of the slave trade, be printed and circulated.

SIR,

As a friend to the abolition of the slave trade, you will naturally be desirous of receiving some more authentic and less erroneous account, than the newspapers have supplied, of the past progress and present state of that great and momentous question; and we have much satisfaction in informing you, that there appears, at the present moment, a better prospect, than at any former period, of bringing it to a successful issue. In minds which have felt the proper force of those principles, to which the appeal is made, in the discussion of the question of abolition, it is hardly possible that the zeal which was once felt, though from various causes, it has not been lately called into action, should be materially abated. The hope of success will doubtless reanimate it; and that hope we have the pleasure to state, may now be reasonably entertained.

A bill for the immediate and total abolition of that guilty commerce, was lately passed, with the concurrence of large and decided majorities in the House of Commons: and though its progress was stopped, in the upper house, by a vote to put off the second reading to a day beyond the expected prorogation, whereby the bill is lost for this session; yet it was distinctly stated, by the proposers of that vote, that it was not founded on opposition to the principle of the measure, but expressly on the ground that the bill had been sent up at too late a period, to be proceeded upon with effect.

Though the promoters of the bill in the House of Commons, had incurred no delay, but such as, from the peculiar circumstances of the country and of the government, could not have been, with propriety, avoided; yet, supposing the petitioners against the measure to have been fairly entitled to be heard by their counsel, and to produce evidence, which, in the opinion of most of the Lords, they clearly were, it cannot be denied that the ground of decision in that house, was such as not only the opponents of the abolition, but even its decided friends, might, in their circumstances, very reasonably adopt. There is no room, therefore, to conclude, the late event, that the bill will not be ultimately carried; nor is the great encouragement, derived from the declared sense of one branch of the legislature counterbalanced by the expression of any opposite opinion in the other.

But these are not the only grounds on which the friends of justice and humanity may build new hopes of success. The majorities which voted for the bill on several divisions in the lower house, were large, and from their quality as well as from their number, clearly decisive of the general sense of the commons. In both houses, it appeared that the cause of abolition had gained proselytes since its last discussion in parliament; and members of great influence, who had formerly opposed it, appear to have had their opinions either changed or shaken by new considerations, arising out of late events and existing circumstances, in the West Indies.

The aspect of public affairs in that quarter, certainly presents new arguments of great weight against the slave trade; and since they turn on political as well as moral considerations, it is hoped, that they may make a right impression even on those who, from alleged reasons of public expediency, have been hitherto our most determined opponents.

We may therefore hope, that this long-depending contest will soon be brought to a favourable decision. A bill will be introduced as early as may prove convenient, in the next session of parliament; and those leading members of the upper house, who proposed and supported the postponement of the question, stand pledged to co-operate with the friends of the bill, in obtaining a direct and fair determination on its merits, and not to permit any superfluous inquiries, or any other proceeding to which, for the purpose of delay, some of the opponents of the measure might wish to resort.

The crisis, therefore, of this great and interesting cause may be said to be at hand: and not only do the considerations already assigned, but others, also, which it is at present unnecessary to discuss, justify the animating hope of a favourable result. Our opponents, indeed, are numerous, affluent, and powerful; they possess, also, the advantages of a close union, maintained by powerful sympathies, arising from an interest and character, common to all its members, and distinct from those of the rest of the community. The influence of the public opinion on such a question being important, many of those who conceive they have a direct interest in supporting the slave trade, may be expected to resume and redouble their efforts, in order, by the arts of misrepresentation and sophistry, to deliver their cause from a part of the moral odium, to which it is justly subject; as well as to revive the groundless clamours which they formerly raised, on specious, but false pretences, of dangers to be apprehended from the effects of abolition, to our colonial and commercial interests. The counteraction of such insidious attempts by true information and fair argument, will constitute a material branch of the aid, which the friends of the cause may contribute to its support.

To shut out all danger of misrepresentation by our adversaries, who have often attempted to confound the abolition of the slave trade with the emancipation of the slaves, we take this opportunity of distinctly stating, that *our single object* is (as it ever has been) to obtain a *legislative abolition of the slave trade*; and that the only means to be employed in effecting it, are such as must be admitted by all parties to be temperate and prudent, as well as unequivocally legal, constitutional, and loyal.

To add any thing for the sake of exciting your zeal in this great cause, cannot, we trust, be necessary. The case is one that must speak home to the breast of every man of piety or benevolence, who is not grossly deceived as to the facts which it involves, and the principles on which it rests. With those facts and principles you cannot be unacquainted. Indeed, so much information, so much decisive evidence is already before the public, that ignorance (the strange delusions of early prejudice apart) can scarcely be excusable. By those who will not take the trouble of patient inquiry, it ought to be well considered, that the more the nature, the sources, and the effects of the slave trade have been examined, the more its atrocious wickedness has been felt, both in and out of parliament; and this not by men of rash and intemperate judgment, but by men of the most sober, candid, and prudent, as well as intelligent character, whose conclusions, on all other subjects, it would be deemed safe and wise to follow.

The reiterated decisions of great majorities of the house of commons, especially those of the present sessions, furnish another strong ground of general presumption on the same side.

The minorities, also, have not only been small in themselves, but still smaller, with a view to the weight of opinion which their suffrages may fairly challenge; for they have, in a great measure, consisted of gentlemen, connected by property with the colonies, and whose early prejudices, and mistaken views of interest may be reasonably supposed to have produced an unfair bias on their minds.

It ought to be added, that the accession to the house of commons, by the union with Ireland, has furnished a new proof that the preponderance of impartial opinion is against the slave trade. To the honour of that generous country, the Irish members, with scarcely any exception, voted in favour of the bill.

These considerations it may be highly proper to point out to any person, yet uninformed of the real merits of our cause; they ought, at least, to induce a conscientious mind to examine the evidence for himself; and when this is impartially done, the acquisition of a zealous friend is what we may assuredly expect.

We trust, Sir, it is unnecessary to call your attention to the magnitude, any more than the rectitude of our purpose. It would be impossible, indeed, in a letter, to do justice to its vast importance. Suffice it to say that its object, taking it in its full extent, and in all its relations, is to deliver millions now living, and, what is still more, millions yet unborn, from 'the greatest practical evil, that ever has afflicted the human race;'* to render the first of benefits to our country, by wiping out her foulest reproach, by putting away the most detestable of her sins, by cutting off the most gigantic iniquity which ever brought scandal on the Christian name.

It is not the intention of the present address to suggest to you the adoption of any specific plan of procedure; but to convey to you, and to the friends of abolition in general, accurate intelligence respecting the question, in order that you may be the better able to counteract the misrepresentations of our adversaries, and to diffuse correct information upon the subject.

We shall be obliged to you to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, and to communicate any hints which you may have to suggest on the subject of it, to our secretary Mr. John Crisp.

By order of the Committee,
Signed, GRANVILLE SHARP.
CHAIRMAN.

London, No. 26, *Birchin Lane.*

[From The Repertory.]

THE CARAVANSERY.

Nothing is more disgusting than pedantry, though the term, we think, is generally understood in too limited a sense. By pedantry, we commonly mean the ostentatious and unseasonable display of learning. But its sense may with propriety be extended, and the pedant may possibly be defined, one who talks on subjects, which, to a large part of the company, are neither interesting nor intelligible.

If this definition be allowed, we shall find few of our acquaintance free from pedantry; as there are scarce any so considerate and well-bred, as to avoid subjects, in which many of the company can take no share. The Lawyer will often talk of courts and actions, the merchant, of ships and foreign markets, the physician, of diseases and of patients, and the clergyman, of the clerical systems, and of the encreasing infidelity of the age. Even the belle, who has an admirer in every spectator, will occasionally describe the latest fashions, in the technical language of the milliner and mantuamaker.

Now subjects of this nature, when introduced, as they frequently are, into mixed companies, are not less pedantic, and certainly more frivolous, than Latin and Greek quotations; for what amusement or edification can many of the company receive from the discussion of pleas and demurers, the price of fish and molasses, the nature of mercury and phlebotomy, the dangers of heresy and atheism, or the superiority of short waists and square toes?

Dick Dashall will sometimes engross the attention of a large company, for a full hour, in describing the various excellencies of his favourite horse, Nonpareil. He will run, with wonderful facility, through his whole genealogy, descant on the pecu-

* Speech of Mr. Pitt, in 1792.

liar virtues of his sire and dam, and trace back their progenitors to the sixteenth century. No horse is comparable to Dick's either for speed or bottom, for when saddled he will prove victorious in every race, and in a gig will out-trot every competitor. Dick is a great adept in the learned science of farriery, and will discourse occasionally on the various diseases of horses, and of the accidents, to which mares are subject, when in a state of pregnancy, to the great edification of the ladies. Some think, that Dick draws a long bow, a circumstance by no means uncommon among great talkers and little thinkers; but Dick swears to the truth of his assertions, and stops the mouth of incredulity, by offering to bet Nonpareil against a hundred dollars.

Tom Apish is a pedant of another kind, who having passed sometime in France, affects to have forgotten his native language, and is perpetually interlarding his conversation with French phrases. Tom affects to dispise every thing in his own country, tho' I am well assured that, when abroad, he saw no better company, than what he met with at a Restorator. A gentleman of unimpeachable veracity related to me the following story of this egregious coxcomb, which, from less authority, I should scarcely have believed. 'What do you call those,' cries Tom, pointing to some custards on the table? 'Why surely,' replies the gentleman of the house, 'you cannot be ignorant of custards, of which 'you were formerly so fond.' 'O, I now recollect them,' rejoins Tom, 'we call them in France *coutards*;' a word, I believe, which does not exist in the French language.

This contemptible affectation of aping foreign manners is deserving of the most poignant ridicule, and French manners are, of all others, the least becoming in the native of another country. The French have little in common with other nations, and whether the tyger plays his tragedy, or the monkey his farce, the part is peculiarly adopted to Frenchmen. Every imitation must be aukward in a foreigner, and of all foreigners, in Americans, the most. We have neither the wit, nor the vivacity of that nation, and though we may far excel them in moral habits and substantial virtues, our imitation of their trifling graces is unbecoming and ridiculous.

Of all Pedantry, literary pedantry is, perhaps, the most pardonable, since it generally proceeds from a love of learning, which, in all civilized countries, has ever been encouraged and respected. But a critic would be ridiculously pedantic, who should censure a writer for using expressions employed by standard authors, though not strictly conformable to grammatical propriety A gentleman will use the phraseology of the best company, and will say, 'after we had *sat* down,' not after we had *sitten* down, though the latter may be more grammatically correct.

I shall close this paper with a piece of *pedantry*, on certain adverbial particles, which may serve to mark distinctions, which are not generally attended to. I am going *thither*, *where* I shall stay some weeks, and remain *there* till such a day. Afterwards I shall depart *thence*, when my friend shall have come *hither* and remained with me *here* for some weeks, *where* I hope to afford him some agreeable entertainment, and *whence* he will depart at the appointed time. He intends going to Boston, *whither* I shall follow him, and depart *thence* in his company.

If it is disgraceful in a writer to be ignorant of these distinctions, it is, perhaps, absurdly pedantic too solicitously to mark them, unless in serious and dignified composition. A.

[From a British Essayist.]

ON THE INCONSISTENCY OF AFFECTED SENSIBILITY.

There seems to be a fashion in virtue as well as in vice. There was a time when learning was the fashion among the ladies at court, and the hours which are now spent by them under the hair-dresser, were devoted to the perusal of Plato in the original language. Chastity was once the pride of all who aimed at the character of people of fashion; and courage, honour, generosity, gravity, and heroism, the ornaments ambitiously pursued by courtiers and fine gentlemen.

The quality chiefly affected of late is sensibility; and the affectation has been greatly increased, if not introduced, by the taste for novels. The sentimental comedies, and the affecting tragedies, in which love and the distresses it occasions, when disappointed, are feelingly described, have also contributed greatly to diffuse it.

When it is genuine, and not increased to a degree of weakness and effeminacy, it is certainly amiable. True tenderness or compassion is one of the most honourable distinctions of human nature. He who cannot feel as a man, when an object presents itself naturally formed to affect the human heart, displays a disposition not only odious, but such as may lead him to actual and premeditated cruelty.

But while I honour the reality, I must despise the affectation. And there is reason to suspect that much of the sensibility of which we hear and read, is affected, because it seems to operate partially and ostentatiously. It seems to display itself chiefly in gallantry, and in such acts of bounty, as are likely to be known, celebrated, and admired, in the realms of fashion. If any lady or lady-like gentleman can find, at a watering-place, a distress similar to any thing in some fashionable novel, it is surprising with what pathos it will be described, and with what assiduity relieved; but if a distress equally afflicting occurs in the obscure village where the mansion-house stands, no notice is taken of it, or no more than a regard to common decency requires. The reason seems to be a fear that the case is so obscure, that the sensibility which alleviates it, will never reach the ears of those who tread the paths of fashionable folly.

And if a gross passion operating in a corrupted heart prompts to an unlawful amour, it is often obeyed by the parties with little shame, and with a great deal of complacency and self-congratulation, on their being possessed of such a sensibility, which irresistibly tempts them to say,

Curse on all laws, save those which Love has made.

Bad passions, and bad actions the consequence of them, have always been common, and will continue to be so in the present condition of human nature; but to boast of them as doing honour to the heart, under the name of *lovely and delicate sensibility*, is peculiar to the fashionable of the present age. Mr. Sterne and Mrs. Draper have too many imitators. A goat is a personage of as great sensibility and sentiment as most of them.

True sensibility, equally remote from weakness and affectation, will feel the sentiments of devotion, with no less vivacity, than those of love. It will, I believe, be oftener warmed with attachment to virtue than to vice. It will be delicate and reserved, rather than forward, noisy, and ostentatious. But has the sensibility, which is assumed at public places, or by the slaves of fashion, any of these characteristics? Is it not, on the contrary, rather inclined to libertinism in religious principle, very far from scrupulous in moral conduct, bold, busy, and conceited? It has, indeed, every appearance of vanity; and, if there were not danger of confounding it with real sensibility, the honour of our nature, it ought to be universally exploded with ridicule.

That sensibility alone which produces piety to God, and benevolence to man, has the indisputable mark of genuine eloquence. Vice and vanity will produce the other sort, which has every sign of a counterfeit, and like the base coin which, in the hands of the interested, is taught to emulate gold, ought, if possible, to be cried down by public authority. It too often passes current in the world, not without great injury to society: for honour, paid to false virtue, robs the true of its just right, and contributes, by lessening the rewards of truth, to discourage its appearance.

BIOGRAPHY.

[As the arts are not only sisters, but equally lovely and affectionate, it is our wish to preserve the memorial not only of *poets*, but of painters. Among those, who have distinguished themselves by representing on glowing canvass the exploits of heroes, and the triumph of virtue, ROBERT KER PORTER, who studied under the auspices of Sir BENJAMIN WEST, is conspicuous for the grandeur of his designs, and the interest of his subjects. His *storming of Seringapatam*, his *siege of Acre*, and above all, his great picture of the *battle of Alexandria*, will eternize his fame as an artist. It is impossible for a man of sensibility to survey without emotion this last painting; which is now exhibited in this city. An immense outline comprehending more than three thousand feet of canvass, includes the portraits of most of those gallant officers, who, in the memorable campaign of 1801, in Egypt, vindicated the rights of the British empire, and asserted the preeminence of British valour, over the desperate legions of an usurping renegado, the common enemy of mankind. He, whose bosom swells at the contemplation of high, honourable deeds, he, who with an eye not jaundiced by republicanism, can survey the gallantry of Sir SIDNEY SMITH, *with a port like Mars*, the undaunted brow of major DOYLE, and the deliberate valour of Sir RALPH ABERCROMBIE, will bless the far-famed Albion, which produces *at once the poet and the song*; the soldier, who gains the victory, and the artist, who painted it.]

MR. ROBERT KER PORTER.

At a period when the estimation of talents is daily rising, when even the loftiest of our nobility, both male and female, are emulously cultivating the laurel as their proudest emblem of distinction, it is no unpleasing task to contemplate the progress of genius, whatever path it may pursue, even from its earliest dawn to the maturity of perfection. If this country has not been more highly distinguished than others, in the art of painting, it is to be lamented that patronage has been less liberal than nature; for there can be no plausible reason why a Raffaelle or a Michael Angelo should not be born in Britain, where the attributes of a sister art have so gloriously displayed themselves round the brows of a Milton and a Shakspeare!

Those living painters who at present claim the meed of reputation, are either veterans in the art, having attained their utmost altitude of capability; or who, by long and unsuccessful labours, have only been able to secure to their productions the certainty of oblivion. It is therefore a duty which the nation owes to its own fame, to cultivate the blossoms of genius, wherever they are found; and, by divesting envy of its stings, and prejudice of its power, to ripen in the sunshine of public patronage those fruits, which will be honourable to the present age, and gratifying to posterity.

Mr. Robert Ker Porter is the son of an officer of dragoons, who died some years since, leaving an amiable widow with five lovely and promising children: the youngest of the sons is the subject of these memoirs. He was born at Durham; and had just entered his twenty-second year, when, in the short period of ten weeks, he completed the celebrated picture of the storming of Seringapatam; a work which, for spirit of conception, correctness of arrangement, and harmony of colouring, has rarely been equalled. The size of the picture is such as to contain nearly seven hundred figures as large as life; while the variety of groups dispersed over the busy scenery, renders it at once an interesting and an astonishing performance.

Mr. Robert Ker Porter, when a child, inherited from his father a strong propensity to arms. He had, from his earliest infancy, intuitively cherished a passion for military pursuits, and the ardour of his mind traced on the canvass those exploits which he considered as the most glowing in the catalogue of mortal scenery. The embattled field; the smoke of war; the energies of the human mind, delineated in the human countenance, were the objects of his favourite study: at the early age of six years his sketches were remarkable for their spirit, and he was an artist even before he had acquired the first rudiments of his education.

In the year 1790, under the auspices of Mr. West, then R. A. now P. R. A. Mr. Porter was introduced as a student to the Royal Academy. There he continued to draw with unwearied attention; and so rapid was his progress in the art he cultivated, that at the expiration of two years he was employed to paint the figures of Moses and Aaron for the communion-table of Shoreditch church.

Still indefatigable in the pursuit of fame, he continued his labours until the year 1794, when he completed, and presented to the Roman Catholic chapel at Portsea, an altar-piece, representing Christ appeasing the storm. Mr. Porter was yet a child when these specimens of his genius were conceived and executed.

The progressive improvement which attended his labours, could not wholly alienate his mind from that attachment to martial scenes, which had been early rooted, and which grew more ardent as he advanced towards manhood. He was yet undecided between his love of arms and his professional studies; and it was only at the earnest and repeated solicitations of his family, that he relinquished his desire for a military life, for the more quiet path of fame which his genius presented. From this period he has divided his hours between his attachment to domestic society, and the labours of his profession, in both of which he appears eminently conspicuous. In the endearing assiduities of an amiable mother, and two lovely, accomplished sisters, who have presented the world with many proofs of their taste for literature, Mr. Porter considers his encreasing reputation only desirable, in proportion as it augments his family felicity, and gratifies the feelings of those who justly appreciate the value of his acquirments.

Mr. Porter has painted several striking likenesses; but scope and grandeur of design are the leading features of his compositions. In the year 1798, he painted a large altar-piece on the subject of St. John preaching in the wilderness; which was presented through the hands of the Reverend Joseph Thomas,* of Epsom in Surry, to St. John's college, Cambridge. Mr. Porter has not confined his studies entirely to painting; he has also a correct taste for letters, which he has improved by a classical education.

LEVITY.

DIRECTIONS TO A LOBBY LOUNGER.

[From an English Paper]

Having gone through the usual routine of the day, as a *Bond Street Lounger*, a *Park Lounger*, and a *Coffeehouse Lounger*, in which several important stations I may hereafter give you some useful instrustions, prepare for the theatre, the last scene but one in which you are to exhibit till the next morning. Luckily this preparation requires little trouble; it consists merely in having your *half-boots* re-cleaned, and putting a little fresh *walnut-juice* on your face. Thus you are ready to *personate* a GENTLEMAN: for the old practice of *dressing* for the theatre is done away; and a man who, some years ago, would have been stared at as a clown, not to say an indecent figure, in the two-shilling gallery, is now quite the *tippy* for the boxes. Do not forget to take with you the *stick* which has ornamented your hand the whole day; and this stick, I need not tell you, ought to be short, thick, crooked, and full of knobs and snags: in short, just such a stick as you would expect to find upon the most desperate-looking footpad that was ever brought to Bow Street. There is something so *gracefully characteristic* in this stick that it forms an important article in the fashionable accoutrements of a *Lobby Lounger*, and must by no means be neglected. Take care never to be seen with what is erroneously called a handsome cane with tassels; it costs a great deal of money, and is not half so genteel; indeed, the *Lounger* ought to be caned that uses it.

With this *valuable* and *striking* piece of timber in your hand, about eight o'clock repair to the theatre; you will see the half-price people going in; but do you remain behind, till you suppose the fourth act has commenced: then stalk through the lobbies, setting down your foot so firmly, and at the same time thumping the door with your stick so stoutly, that the attention of the people in the lower boxes, and perhaps of some in the upper, may be diverted towards the lobby, in order to see *who* is coming. Call loudly to the boxkeeper; and when he has opened one door, and you have enjoyed the *stare* of the company in that box, *bang* the door to again as hard as you can, and recal the boxkeeper to open another; and thus you may *da capo* this musical entrè, this overture of your appearance, as long as you please or while it will produce the effect of giving you an air of consequence, and you can possibly hear any body say "*Who is it?*"

You are now to determine on the box in which to take your station, and this is no light matter. Casting your eyes carefully round, giving, at the same time, a very consequential and terrific frown, you will observe several groups of *female Loungers*, the terror of the timid, and the delight of men of spirit, like you. If you discover among them *one* more distinguished than the rest for Amazonian manner, and extravaganza of dress, especially if she attracts the attention of the audience, and still more if she be interrupting it, make your way instantly to her, no matter whom you may disturb, and begin some of those *profound* and *critical* observations on what is passing, which usually distinguish your tribe. But take care to talk loud enough; and be *extremely* cautious in two particulars—*first*, not to sit down, and, *secondly*, not to pull your hat off. If you are civilly requested to do both, by any of those *queer ones* that come to see the play, and who, you will observe, are interested—and it is a poor play that does not interest in the fourth act—cast upon them a look of pity, or rather of contempt, and just intimate that you are going, but *continue* to address your Amazonian in a *louder* tone, and express your astonishment that any body can have patience to sit such a *bore!* It is very probable you may be again requested to cease your interruption. And now comes a nice question, whether you shall comply, by withdrawing, making as much noise as you can, and *banging* the door after you; or whether you shall be highly offended, and create disturbance sufficient to stop the performance? The most adviseable is the latter method; it will inevitably produce an exchange of cards, and your names will be trumpeted in the next morning's papers, a gratification for which any man may reasonably risk his life.—Not that you run any risk; for none but one of your *own sort* will thus far honour you. A man of *real courage* and a *gentleman* has but one way of treating a *Lobby Lounger*, whom he may deem *impertinent*—the *mistaken* term which they will apply to such behaviour—and that is, by quietly taking hold of the *handle* of his *face*, ycleped the *nose*, and peaceably leading him out of the box into the lobby; where the *Lobby Lounger*, being on his own ground, may bluster and fight—if he dare, and be not interrupted by that kind of *kick* which has been observed to produce the most pacific effects. You will, therefore, always be watchful of the company you may intend to honour with a display of your fashion and consequence, and make good use of your physiognomical acquisitions.

But, as in all other affairs you may best carry your point by *confederacy*, preconcert every thing with a *brother lounger*, and you may both acquit yourselves with *eclat*, disturb the audience with *striking effect*, interrupt the performance *famously*, and flourish in the newspapers *to admiration!* Of this I can safely say *probatum est*, which you must know is Latin for *a damn'd good thing!*

If, however, it so happens, that either mal-accident or your own discretion—for, as *Falstaff* says, the *better* part of *valour* is *discretion*—has prevented any *grand* occurrence taking place during the play, you have various opportunities, in the lobby rooms especially, and even in passing out of the theatre, of applying your skill in the production of what may redound to your fame, and distinguish you in the ephemeral annals of the *Lounger's Calendar*.

BOB BLUSTER.

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* This gentleman is not only an admirer of the arts, but has produced some very beautiful drawings on various subjects. He is married to the learned and accomplished daughter of the late reverend and learned Mr. Parkhurst.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are always ready to promote the interest of the respectable booksellers in this country, and we are particularly pleased to have frequent opportunities of rendering a service to Mr. James Humphreys of this city, because he is an enterprising, industrious, and worthy man, who retails neither trash nor poison, but provides wholesome food for the mind, and, whether his literary guest be adult or juvenile, has always a *good* dish for each.

Popular Tales, by Maria Edgeworth, a new work, intended principally for the instruction of young persons, has just been reprinted here by Mr. Humphreys. The writer of this article has perused these stories with much attention and interest. They possess uncommon merit. They are not *Nursery* Tales, nor *Fairy* Tales, nor Tales of *Terror*. They are not licentious, like Marmontel's, nor extravagant, like those of Madame de Genlis. But, in a style pure and simple, convey useful truths to the understanding of every reader. He, who even in an hour of the most yawning lassitude, begins one of these moral and entertaining narratives, will scarcely close the volume, until it be finished. Such is the fascinating power of Genius, and so secure of the general suffrage is every literary performance, which combines, according to the precept of the Ancient, the pleasant and the profitable.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Those gentlemen among our correspondents, who are in the habit of writing a *series* of papers for this journal, are very earnestly requested to send their manuscripts in such parcels for our next volume, that it may appear less broken and interrupted than the present. From the irregular and desultory manner in which most of the essays, prepared for the Port Folio, are addressed to the Editor, it is often impossible for him to preserve any regard for unity, connection, or method.

S. SAUNTER will soon be a *busy* idler.

The author of the Lounger, No. 103, with the signature of 'RUSTICUS,' is requested to resume

his pen. Accident has prevented our acknowledgment of his merit as a correspondent. We relish his style and sentiments, and we shall be pleased if he will furnish as many papers as his inclination may inspire, or his leisure allow.

'*Marcellus*' is another favourite correspondent, who has not only diligently studied the best models among the British essayists, but whose tenacious Memory preserves their sentiments, and whose fertile Genius emulates their style.

'*Eugenius*' is exhorted to cultivate his talent for essay writing. His advancement in the paths of authorship is both rapid and respectable.

'*Sedley*' evinces such a zeal for the study of polite literature, and makes such a successful application of his industry and talents, that we urge him to run to the goal of Fame with olympic speed.

The '*New* School for Scandal' is inadmissible. It is both malicious, and ill written. To tattle the incidents of vulgar intrigue is a chambermaid's vocation, and to some Abigail of this gossiping tribe we are, probably, indebted for a malignant article, which reminds us of a passage in Addison. 'The world is so full of ill nature, that I have lampoons sent me by *people who cannot spell*, and satires, composed by those, who *scarcely know how to write*. By the last post, I received a packet of scandal, which is *not legible*; and have a whole bundle of letters, in *women's hands*, that are full of *blots* and *calumnies*; insomuch, that when I see the name of *Celia*, *Philis*, *Pastora*, or the like, at the bottom of a *scrawl*, I conclude, of *course*, that it brings me some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife, or a wanton widow.'

To the *Translator of Anacreon* we often look for some of the brightest gems from the rich mine of antiquity. The charming compliment from an Irish Nobleman to Mr. Moore we shall publish in our next number. By a letter from him, we are delighted to learn, that some of the productions of his pen will be occasionally directed to us from London. When we reflect upon the fascinating powers of this refined scholar, we cannot refrain from addressing him, with the enthusiasm of one of his brother bards.

> Genius of the Teian song,
> Bring thy sportive Muse along.
> And, queint spirit, ere thou go,
> A boon, 'tis all I ask, below;
> From thine *emblematic* wreath,
> One small bough to me bequeath;
> Wreath where *Bays and Myrtle twine*,
> With the tendrils of the vine.

We are making arrangements for a *foreign* correspondence, the good effects of which will soon be manifested by the contributions to this Miscellany from some of the wits of London. If the Editor can realize the whole extent of his project, the Port Folio *then* may, perhaps, be viewed as a volume, which

> Friends may flatter, prudent foes forbear,
> Rivals scarce damn, and Zoilus reprieve.

By the politeness of an English gentleman, and a highly valued friend, in this city, we have been favoured with some poetical papers, from the pen of an ingenious correspondent, now in Great Britain, but who formerly contributed many elegant essays to the Port Folio. The receipt of these papers, from an *Oxford* scholar, is gratefully acknowledged by the Editor, who remembers the meritorious services of his classical associate, and who would be essentially benefited, if, amid the liberal leisure, which he enjoys in the most favoured region of the Muses, he would solicit his Muse to sing for his American friend.

'*Florian*' has been faithless, but shew me the lover, or shew me the author, who *always* keeps his word.

'A Lawyer' appears to be still in his clerkship.

> Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face,
> His eyes do drop no tears, his words are jest.

'E' is requested to become a constant correspondent. Her poetry soothes the ear, and her moral reflections amend the heart.

'Dactyle and Comma' have furnished us with a good imitation of Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Many of the more celebrated passages in this charming poem are parodied with much spirit.

'Clement' is invited to write in the Lounger.

We thank 'Lodinus' for the punctuality of his correspondence. Strange as it may seem, he is both punctual, and a poet.

'Lines from Florio' are inadmissible. The rhymes are not legitimate, and we discern neither plan nor connection in his poem. Florio may continue to scan verses with ten fingers, but he never can be a bard.

> 'But, lest you think I rally more than teach,
> Or praise, malignly, arts I cannot reach,
> Let me for once presume to instruct the times,
> To know the poet from the man of rhymes.
> 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
> Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,
> Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
> With pity and with terror tear my heart;
> And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
> To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.'

A writer, who styled himself 'Analaski,' and one of whose poems, entitled 'To a friend, bound to Smyrna,' was published in the Port Folio of the 9th of June, we hope may be incited to write again, when we assure him that Mr. Moore perused this tuneful epistle with a very flattering degree of approbation, and quoted, to the Editor, with applauding enthusiasm, that picturesque passage, in which the poet requests his friend to solicit some Greek beauty to indicate the tomb of the bard of Teos.

> As you walk the marbled street,
> Should you early chance to meet
> Some devout and tender maid,
> Ask her where the bard was laid;
> She, whose Grecian forehead high
> Arches o'er an azure eye;
> She, whose crimson cheeks retain
> Yet a tint from Sappho's vein;
> She, whose mother gave her charms
> To the blest Anacreon's arms.

'Ithacus,' with a poet's liberality, has bestowed upon us many *bright pieces* from the rich exchequer of his fancy. These, in due season, will shine in the Port Folio.

We again invite the contributions of men of letters. To render this journal interesting, a pleasing variety must be its constant characteristic. The Editor, if blest with florid health, uninterrupted leisure, and the most versatile genius, could not *alone* effect this desirable purpose. But, supported by able auxiliaries, he may then hope that his Port Folio shall be admitted into the cabinets of the curious.

To adopt an allusion of a favourite writer, he will attempt sedulously to cultivate those delightful parterres, which teem with the fairest flowers of imagination, and strive to distinguish between the tawdry tulips of an hour, and that perennial bloom, which is produced and invigorated by the Sun of Genius.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In the decline of December, the public expect that Custom and Habit, if not Duty and Pleasure, will impel every Editor of a periodical journal to pronounce a sort of valedictory harangue, where he must use the *passive voice* to his *old* customers, and the *optative* mode for new. But it demands no very lofty or arrogant spirit to keep aloof from this hackneyed style of mumping mendicancy. An Editor, who has fulfilled his annual task, may meet his readers with a bow as graceful as he can make, yet neither cringe nor whine, neither **hold out the paltry winking taper of excuses* for the past, nor go groveling towards the future. Having filled a fourth *Port Folio* with such papers, as our labour could compose or compile, or the genius and generosity of others impart, nothing remains for us but to ask, not roughly, for the *fees of our office*; to raise the voice of gratitude for the signal favour, with which we are honoured; to wish that Christmas and Merriment, hand in hand, may gaily greet our friends; that the year may be crowned with gladness; that the felicity of the worthy may be as pure as the snows of the season, and the benevolence of the charitable may be unchilled by its frost.

☞ During the remainder of the holidays, no paper will issue from this office, and No. 1, of Vol. 5, will not be published, until the second Saturday of January, as Saturday next is *Twelfth* day, and the Editor, governed by the customs of the Church, considers this as a season †*of feasting and joy, and of sending portions one to another, and of gifts to the poor.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO THE MUSE,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

> Thou dear companion of the hours,
> When Fancy wove her wreath of flowers
> Around her constant votary's brow,
> Or when meek Contemplation led
> The bard to seek her hallow'd bowers,
> And pour'd upon his honour'd head
> Her sweet dew, mild as passing showers,
> When Spring's first blossoms deck the brow—
> Attend the lay I pay thee now.
> Oft at the close of day, with thee,
> In soothing converse, frank and free,
> I've rambled through the mazy grove,
> While dark'ning Night, in robe obscure,
> With gradual step, stole o'er the scene,
> And Silence, solemn and demure,
> Presided o'er the dewy green,
> And mark'd in majesty above,
> The star of evening and of love.

* Edmund Burke. † Esther.

Imagination's magic power,
Combin'd to wing the passing hour,
And Memory cheer'd the pensive soul,
While to thy wild and artless song,
The echoing groves and rocks replied,
The sprites and sylphs, a fairy throng,
Came tripping down the mountain's side,
And fancied shapes were dimly seen,
Dancing along the verdant green,
And from the bending violets stole
The dew to charge their airy bowl.

Low sounds, that from the beetle's horn,
Were on the wings of Zephyr borne,
Stole softly on my listening ear;
And as the gale of evening grew,
I heard the wild waves' sullen roar,
That through the solemn stillness flew
From distant Ocean's craggy shore:
At intervals. the rising breeze,
Rustled amid the bending trees,
And wafted to their native sphere
My fairy guests that hover'd near.

But now the waning Year, with storms,
The Landscape's smiling face deforms,
And Winter holds his dreary reign.
The howling blast at midnight raves,
To scare the tenants of the grove,
And to their moss-grown silent caves,
The summer sprites, that chaplets wove,
And sported in the evening air,
With pensive step and slow repair,
And leave the chill deserted plain,
Tyrannic Winter's bleak domain.

Yet come, sweet maid, and cheer my heart
With charms thou canst so well impart,
Still deign thy visits here to pay;
And though the genius of the storm,
With sullen voice disturbs the hour,
With all thy fire my bosom warm,
And let me feel thy genial power;
Still let me own thy gentle sway,
And prompt the wild romantic lay.

By the pale lamp of midnight's gleam,
With thee I'll sit, and, waking, dream
Of scenes, in summer's blossoms drest;
Or muse on kings and heroes old,
Or sages, to the dust consign'd,
And venerate the sacred mould,
That once inclos'd a fervent mind;
Whose noble deeds, or thoughts sublime,
Spurn'd the destructive power of Time,
By Memory's fervent hand impress'd,
Forever in the musing breast.

The arm of might, the soul of fire,
Shall wake the Muse's feeble lyre,
And all her noblest efforts claim;
To Cincinnatus tune the string,
Or Socrates, immortal sage:
With solemn sounds the roof shall ring,
And Winter check the whirlwind's rage,
Arrest the shrill gust's mad career,
And oft incline his list'ning ear,
While warm'd with thy poetic flame,
I sing the deathless sons of Fame.

And when returning Spring with flowers
Shall deck the vale, and fragrant bowers,
Again we'll to the woodland stray;
When evening's genial shower shall lave
The modest primrose' bending head,
We'll deck again the mossy cave,
Its floor with glitt'ring pebbles spread,
And there invoke sweet Fancy's power,
To cheer meek twilight's silent hour,
While rising Cynthia's brilliant ray
Gives to the world a mimic day.

BEAUMONT.

SELECTED POETRY.

[We recollect to have read, many years since, in an old gazette, a ludicrous poem, on the familiar topic of the cleansing art of the laundress. This little poem, we believe, was an indigenous production, and in very smooth verse, and with very sprightly wit, described the persecution of a family, upon the memorable washing-day. The following, with the stateliness of Milton's numbers, pursues the same track; and, as the classical reader will perceive, is worthy to be arranged with the Splendid Shilling of Philips. We borrow it from a very novel miscellany, and, it is believed, are the first to usher it to the American public.]

THE WASHING DAY.

——And their voice,
Tuning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound.

The Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost
The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,
In slip shod measure, loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face:
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded *Washing-day*.
—Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day,
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort; e'er the first grey streak of dawn,
The red-arm'd washers come, and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scar'd, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, an unwonted guest,
The silent breakfast meal is soon dispatch'd,
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower,
From that last evil, oh preserve us, heaven!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel; stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short, and linen horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm, while stretch'd upon the rack,
And Montezuma smil'd on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing day.
—But grant the welkin fair, require not thou,
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus, nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious; shouldst thou try
The 'custom'd garden walks, thine eye shall mi
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs
Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weigh
Of coarse check'd apron, with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when showers impend: or crosing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold shee
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the fried
Whose evil stars have urg'd him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites;
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy
Shall he receive; vainly he feeds his hope
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pi,
Or tart or pudding:—pudding he nor tar
That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort' brow
Clear up propitious; the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the ave
This day struck into me; for then the naids,
I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me from them;
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relique of costly suppers, and set by
For me their favour'd one; or butter'd toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrillin tale
Of ghost, or witch or murder—so I went,
And shelter'd me beside the parlour fire
There my dear grandmother, eldest of dames,
Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have sour'd
One less indulgent.——
At intervals my mother's voice was heard,
Urging dispatch! briskly the work went on,
All hands employ'd to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
Then would I set me down, and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow'd bowl
Of pipe amus'd, we blew and sent aloft
The floating bubbles, little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds—so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath it bubbles,
And verse is one of them—this most of all.

—

[During the gaiety of the Christmass holidays, a festal season to all but those, who, as the loyal Butler sings,

Quarrel with *mince-pyes*, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, *plum porridge*,
Fat pig, and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard *through the nose*:

the following cheerful couplets are sung by the orthodox chaunter.]

Come all who love
Through Pleasure's grove
To take your merry rambles,
Whose hearts so free
Confirm your glee,
Join our CHRISTMASS GAMBOLS.
See the lads and lasses wind
In mazy labyrinth dancing,
The harmless feelings of the mind
The general joy enhancing:
The world's vicissitudes they trace,
As they the figure measure,
Variety and change of place
Still giving zest to pleasure.
Come, all who love, &c.

The pipe and tabor's sprightly tone
The organ's pipe sonorous,
The comic bagpipe and the drone,
Shall join the swelling chorus.
The piercing pipe, the deafening drum,
For honest hearts recruiting,
To join the mingling sound shall come
Of singing, fiddling, fluting.
At length the trumpet's cheerful swell
Sounds to the feast of pleasure,
When in the hospitable hall
Plenty unloads her treasure.
See FATHER CHRISTMASS pleas'd appear,
To crown our institution,
While circling goes the humming beer,
In sportive revolution.
Come, all who love, &c.

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